

OFFICIALS DENY REFUSING TO SEE FRENCH MINISTER

London Morning Post Creates Stir by Story Alleging Insult to Ambassador Jusserand Here

PARIS—Official notice Saturday was sent to the French foreign office of an article in the London Morning Post reproduced here, alleging that both President Harding and Secretary of State Hughes had refused to receive Ambassador Jusserand.

Official and political circles were much surprised at the article and the foreign office regards it as entirely lacking in plausibility. Nevertheless, in view of the impression the story was considered likely to make upon the French public, Premier Poincaré, as head of the foreign office, has asked Ambassador Jusserand to clear up the report.

Denial Is Made

WASHINGTON—Denial, flat and categorical, was made Saturday by officials at the state department and White House that neither Secretary Hughes nor President Harding, ever had refused to receive Ambassador Jusserand of France as reported in the London Morning Post.

Officials were positive in their statement that the French ambassador had been received whenever he had indicated a desire to see the president or secretary of state and further declared that as M. Jusserand had been held in highest esteem throughout his long period of service, it was unthinkable that such a report should be published with any expectation that any one would believe it.

Denied by French

Denial of the report also was made by French embassy officials.

M. Jusserand himself could not be reached being engaged in a conference in connection with the arms discussion but his secretary said the report was too preposterous to be conceivable and that the embassy was most anxious that the denial of it be made as emphatic as possible.

Under diplomatic usage, its explanation in official circles, an accredited representative of any country is entitled to see the head of the nation to which he is accredited or the foreign minister of that nation whenever the representative desires. The same diplomatic rule gives the accredited representative the privilege of immediate withdrawing his letters of credence and returning to his home should either the executive or the foreign minister deny him an audience.

GUNSIGHT PASS

(Continued from Page One)

lift of his lip to make the remark offensive.

"Not ponies like Chiquito," ventured Sanders amiably.

"He's some brone," explained Bob Hart. "Got a bagful of tricks, a nice disposition, and sure can burn the wind."

"You don't say." The voice of the fat man was heavy with sarcasm. "And on top of all that education he can run, too."

The temper of Sanders began to take an edge. "I don't claim my pinto's a racer, but he can travel."

"Hmp!" grunted Miller skeptically. "Don't look to me like no racer," Doble dissented. "Why, I'd be most willing to bet that pack-horse of ours, Whiskey Bill, can beat him."

Bob Hart helped things along. "I've got ten bucks says the pinto can beat yore Whiskey Bill."

"Go you once," answered Doble after a moment's apparent consideration. "I got fifty dollars more to back the pack-horse. How about it, Sanders? You got the sand to cover that?"

"Betcha a month's pay—thirty-five dollars," retorted Dave.

"Might as well lose a few bucks myself, seeing as Whiskey Bill belongs to me," said Miller with his wheezy laugh. "Who wants to take a whirl, boys?"

Inside of three minutes he had placed a hundred dollars. The terms of the race were arranged and the money put in the hands of the foreman.

An hour later Buck Rynington drew Sanders aside.

"Dave, you're a chuckle-headed rabbit. If ever I seen inborn sports them two is such. They're collectin' a livin' off suckers. Didn't you sabb that come-off stuff? Their pack-horse is a ringer. Both of 'em are crooked as a dog's hind lair."

"Maybeso," admitted the young man. "But Chiquito never went back on me yet. These fellows may be over-playin' their hand, don't you reckon?"

"Not a chance. That tumblebug Miller is one fishy proposition, and his sickle-kick look—say, he's the kind of bird that shoots you in the stomach while he's shakin' hands with you. Me! I aim to button up my pocket when them guys are around."

CHAPTER II

A course was chosen for the race. From a selected point the horses were to run to a clump of mesquite, round it, and return to the starting place. "Dug Doble was chosen both starter and judge."

Dave watched Whiskey Bill with the trained eyes of a horseman. The animal was an ugly brute as to the head. But in legs and body it had the fine lines of a racer. The horse was built for speed. The cowpuncher's heart sank. His brone was fast, but the little range pony had not been designed to show its heels to a near-thoroughbred.

"Are you ready?" Doble asked of the two men in the saddles.

His brother said, "Let 'er go!" Sanders nodded. The revolver barked.

Chiquito was off like a flash of light, found its stride instantly. Before it had covered seventy-five yards

the pinto was three lengths to the good. Foot by foot the distance between the horses lessened to two lengths, to one, to half a length. The ugly head of the racer came abreast of the cowpuncher. With sickening certainty the range-rider knew that his Chiquito was doing the best that was in it. Whiskey Bill was a faster horse.

The halfway mark was just ahead. The cowpuncher knew exactly how to make the turn with the least possible loss of speed and ground. Scarcely slackening speed, he swept the pinto round the clump of mesquite and was off for home.

Dave was halfway back before he was sure that the thud of Whiskey Bill's hoofs was almost at his heels. He called on the cowpony for a last spurt. The plucky little horse answered the call, gathered itself for the home stretch, for a moment held its advantage.

Then he knew that the bay was running side by side with Chiquito. The two horses raced down the stretch together. Whiskey Bill half a length in the lead and gaining at every stride. Daylight showed between them when they crossed the line. Chiquito had been outrun by a speedier horse.

CHAPTER III

Hart came up to his friend grinning. "Well, you old horn-head, we got no kick comin'." Chiquito run a mighty pretty race. Only trouble was his lair wasn't long enough."

The owner of the pony nodded, a lump in his throat. He was not thinking about his thirty-five dollars, but about the futile race into which he had allowed his little beauty to be trapped. Dave would not be twenty-one till coming grass, and it still hurt his boyish pride to think that his favorite had been beaten.

The voice of George Doble cut in openly and offensively jubilant. "I'll tell you now that broomtail never had a chance to beat Whiskey Bill."

"Yore hoos can run, seh," admitted Dave.

"He didn't have to take the kinks out of his legs to beat that plug."

"You got our money," said Hart.



"Goddemighty," screamed Doble, leaping to his feet.

quietly. "Ain't that enough without ruckin' it in?"

The usual give-and-take of gay repartee was missing at supper that night. What hurt was that they had been tricked, led like lambs to the killing. None of them doubted now that the pack-horse of the gamblers was a "ringer." These men had deliberately crossed the path of the trail outfit in order to take from the vaqueros their money.

The punchers were sulky. Instead of a fair race they had been up against an on-and-shut proposition, as Russell phrased it. The jeers of Doble did not improve their tempers.

"They say one's born every minute. Ad, Daveged if I don't believe it," he sneered.

Audibly Hart murmured his sentiments aloud. "I'm liable to tell those birds what I think of 'em, Steve, if they don't spend quite some time layin' off'n us."

"Don't tell us out loud. We might hear you," advised Doble insolently. "In regards to that, I'd sure worry if you did."

Dave was at that moment returning to his place with a cup of hot coffee. By some perverse trick of fate his glance fell on Doble's sinister face of malignant triumph. His self-control snapped, and in an instant the whole course of his life was deflected from the path it would otherwise have taken. With a flip he tossed the tin cup so that the hot coffee soured the crook.

"Goddemighty!" screamed Doble, leaping to his feet. He reached for his forty-five just as Sanders closed with him.

Miller, with surprising agility for a fat man, got to his feet and launched himself at the puncher. Dave flung the smaller of his opponents back against Steve, who was sitting tailor fashion beside him. The gunman tottered and fell over Russell, who lost no time pinning his hands to the ground while Hart deftly removed the revolver from his pocket.

Swinging round to face Miller, Dave saw at once that the big man had chosen not to draw his gun. In spite of his fat the gambler was a rough-and-tumble fighter of parts. The extra weight had come in recent years, but underneath it lay roped muscles and heavy bones.

Instantly Dave plunged at him. They went down locked together. Dave underneath. The puncher knew that if he had room Miller would hammer his face to a pulp. He drew himself close to the barrel body, arms and legs wound tight like hoops.

Miller gave a yell of pain. "Lemme loose!" shrieked the man on top. "My Gawd, you're killin' me!"

Dave had not the least idea what was disturbing Miller's peace of mind, but whatever it was moved to his advantage. He clasped tighter, working his heels into another secure position. The big man bellowed with pain.

"What's all this?" demanded an imperious voice.

Miller was torn howling from the arms and legs that bound him, and Dave found himself jerked roughly to his feet. The big rawboned foreman was glaring at him above his large hook nose.

(Continued in our next issue)

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OIL NEWS

FROM LOCAL AND SOUTHERN OKLAHOMA FIELDS

HILL KROHN

Franklin North Fox Test Has Gas Show

A good showing of gas was encountered in the Wirt Franklin test on the Carpenter farm, in the center of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section 22, 2s-3w, north of production in the Fox district, following the drilling out of the plug with the standard tools on top of the sand which was reached at 191 feet. No oil has been found. The hole bridged while the tools were being pulled after the plug was drilled out and operations were shut down and a gate put on. The operators started drilling out the bridge this morning. Whether or not the well will complete as a producer at its present depth is yet to be determined, but at any rate it will not be a disappointment if deeper drilling is necessitated, due to the fact that the depth of the prolific pay as found in the Fox field proper has not yet been reached.

The Templeman-Frantz test on the Morris farm, in the northeast corner of the southeast quarter of section 19, 2s-3w, north of Fox production, is drilling in sandy lime at 1035 feet.

Kirk-Graham No. 1 Pumping 18 Barrels

Gauge of the production of the Kirk well No. 1 on the Bennett farm, in the southwest of the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 31, 2s-2w, in the Graham district, showed 18 barrels during the first 24 hours with the well on the pump. It is very probable that the operators will drill deeper in search of a more prolific pay. Sand in this well was encountered at a depth of 2272-87 feet, with the total depth of the hole at 2290 feet.

Second Test in Comanche Tops Oil Sand 1450 Feet

Demon et al have reached the oil sand in their No. 2 in the town of Comanche in section 20, 2s-7w, at a depth of 1450 feet and are now balling following the running of the packer to the top of the sand.

In the northeast ten acres of the southeast quarter of section 12, 2s-7w, the Magnolia Petroleum Company on the Peck farm, is drilling in blue shale at 1750 feet. Sand with a slight gas showing was drilled through at 1739 feet.

The Lone Star Gas Company is balling in its test on the Martin farm, in section 9, 2s-6w, with the drill on top of the oil sand at 3035 feet.

Feagin et al in section 11, 2s-6w, are drilling in hard shell at 1550 feet.

Magnolia Petroleum Company is drilling with the standard tools at 200 feet in its test on the Norman farm, in the northeast of the north-east quarter of the southeast quarter of section 24, 2s-6w.

McWood Oil Company is spudding its No. 3, on the Damon farm, in the northwest of the southwest quarter of section 25, 2s-6w. Nos. 1 and 2 on the same farm were abandoned following loss of the holes.

Bennedum-Trees No. 1 on the Jim Keath farm, in the northeast quarter of section 21, 2s-7w, is drilling at 2450 feet.

Magnolia Petroleum Company is drilling at 2500 feet in its test on the Pruitt farm, in the northwest of the southeast quarter of section 25, 2s-6w, in time and hand sand and carrying the 4 5/8 inch casing.

Have You Joined The Sholom Alechem "Frat"?

The jovial spirit of the members of the Ardmore oil fraternity has lately been expressing itself in the organization of a more or less impromptu order known as the "Sholom Alechem Fraternity." It appears that all a person has to do to belong to the noble lodge is to be able to say "Sholom Alechem" and "Alechem Sholom." If one member greets another, he expresses the first phrase, and in reply, following the handshake, the response is the inverse of the phrase. "Sholom Alechem" is Hebrew meaning, "Peace be with you" and is the form of greeting used in the Biblical days. It is similar to the salutation of "Pax vobiscum" as used in the days of Caesar. Sholom Alechem!

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Cornhuskers Drill New Test in Murray County

Small showings of oil and gas are reported in the No. 3 test of the Cornhuskers Oil Company of Nebraska, at a depth of 309 feet in the northeast of the southwest of section 16, 1s-2w, in Murray county. The well is now drilling at about 1000 feet. The location is one half mile northeast of the abandoned test of the company in which the hole was lost following the finding of an oil sand.

Good Producers Recent Completions in Hewitt

Skelly Oil Company has completed its No. 13-B on the Carney farm, in the southwest of section 15, 4s-2w, with production of 250 barrels from two sands at depths of 2055-75 feet and 2143-47 feet.

Same company's No. 1 on the Stebbi farm, in the southwest corner of the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section 15, 4s-2w, drilled deeper, has been completed as a 150-barrel in sand at 2000-30 feet with the hole at a total depth of 2095 feet.

Same company's No. 7, on the Noble farm, in the northeast quarter of section 21, 4s-2w, is making 70 barrels from sand at 2195-2230 feet with the total depth of the hole at 2238 feet.

Wolverine Oil Company's No. 94 on the Dillard farm, in the northeast quarter of the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 22, 4s-2w, twin well to No. 32 is flowing 300 barrels and cleaning out the hole at 2005 feet.

Eleven of these wells belong to the Magnolia Petroleum Company and have a daily production of about 162,000,000 cubic feet. The Wrightman Oil and Gas Company has four wells that are producing about 25,000,000 cubic feet. The well of the Arbuckle Oil Company and that of Davis and Younger each is producing 15,774,000 cubic feet. The Hemlock Oil Company's well produces 8,145,000 cubic feet and that of Nelson & Jones, 7,301,000 cubic feet.

In the first of two games of basketball to be played at senior high school Saturday night, the local girls team was defeated by the team from the Fishamingo school by a score of 41 to 33. Close playing featured throughout.

Test Reveals Big Gas Production in Garvin

Nineteen commercial gas producing wells of the gas field of the Garvin City district of Garvin county are producing in round numbers 234,600,000 cubic feet of gas daily, according to a recent test and gauge made by J. W. Duvall, gas expert of the corporation commission, and Ben F. Davis, chief oil and gas conservation officer.

Eleven of these wells belong to the Magnolia Petroleum Company and have a daily production of about 162,000,000 cubic feet. The Wrightman Oil and Gas Company has four wells that are producing about 25,000,000 cubic feet. The well of the Arbuckle Oil Company and that of Davis and Younger each is producing 15,774,000 cubic feet. The Hemlock Oil Company's well produces 8,145,000 cubic feet and that of Nelson & Jones, 7,301,000 cubic feet.

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Hundred Hewitt Reports Mailed by Local C. of C.

The great interest being shown in local oil news by oil men in all parts of the country has caused a flood of requests for the government reports on the Hewitt field to reach the office of the Ardmore Chamber of Commerce, and during the past week more than one hundred of the booklets compiled by the United States Bureau of Mines have been mailed out in response. Secretary Barron states that he still has on hand a great number of the reports and will gladly mail or present to all who desire them any number called for. The reports have caused much favorable comment from all who have read them, and contain some very interesting data on the Hewitt field and the local situation in general.

Caddo County Test Has Gas Showing 1830 Feet

A showing of gas at a depth of 1350 feet was encountered in the test of the Magnolia Petroleum Company No. 1 on the Lair farm in the southwest corner of the southwest quarter of section 27, 6s-1w, in Caddo county. The operators are trying to straighten a crooked hole.

Consulting Geologist L. RAY DAWSON Phone 177.

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